No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Coſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit.
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If hee fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwime,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirrs
To rowſe a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Coſin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners,

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

Ile

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will: thats flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer:
But I will find him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer:
Nay, Ile haue a ſtarling ſhal be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion,

Wor. Heere you coſin a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell kinsman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time, what do you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zbloud when you and he came back from Rauenſpurgh,

Nor. At Barkly Caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true,
why what a candie deal of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind Coſin:

C

O,